

Vol. III.—No. 57.]

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

**Coming Events.**

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall.—Males' in Gymnasium.  
LADIES' SOCIAL, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium.  
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, in Music-room, at 8.  
RAMBLERS.—Soirée Dansante, at 8.  
LITERARY SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting, at 8.  
CRICKET CLUB.—Smoking Concert.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
CHESS CLUB.—Handicap Tourney, at 7.30.  
GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium.  
CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d.  
ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.  
RAMBLERS.—To *Times'* Office.  
FOOTBALL CLUB.—At Wanstead.  
SOCIAL CONCERT.—In Music-room, at 8.  
P.P. JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.—Harriers' Run Out.  
HARRIERS.—"Flower Cup" Handicap.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d.  
GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium.  
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45.  
PARLIAMENT.—Usual Meeting, at 8.  
GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' Display, in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium.  
CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7.  
ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m.  
LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free.  
GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium.  
CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d.  
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal at 8.  
PALACE JOURNAL.—Christmas Number, 1d.

**Organ Recitals,**

On **SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 16th, 1888,**  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. C. M. ROWAND.

- |  |          |
|--|----------|
| 1. Andante in F ... ..                 | Wely.    |
| 2. Cujus Animam ... ..                 | Rossini. |
| 3. Adagio in F ... ..                  | Spohr.   |
| 4. Andante in G... ..                  | Batiste. |
| 5. Offertoire in G ... ..              | Wely.    |
| 6. Prelude and Fugue in D minor ... .. | Bach.    |
| 7. Adagio in A ... ..                  | Hopkins. |
| 8. Hallelujah Chorus ... ..            | Handel.  |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. VICTOR GOLLMICK.

**Notes of the Week.**

IT is close upon Christmas: yet the air, until Monday morning, has been warm and more pleasant than at any previous period of this abominable year of cold and wet. The papers are full of the ripe strawberries, green peas and flowers, that are being gathered in various places. So far as I remember, this kind of prolonged autumn is extremely rare. It should be all the more welcome, particularly as it keeps a great number of people in good work, who, in hard weather, are thrown out. It is also good for farmers, who have been able to get in their seed before the frosts.

I HAVE had many letters from correspondents about the Ten Tribes: some of them insist on the soundness of the theory that we are ourselves one, at least, of the Ten Tribes. Very good. It is a belief that does very little harm if it does no good. I have, however, a book which gives a very singular account of the Ten Tribes. It was published in the year 1836, and purported to be "compiled from the original MS." by the Rev. Dr. M. Edrehi of Morocco, Private Tutor at Cambridge. In this book there is an elaborate account of a journey undertaken in the year 1731, by a learned Rabbi. His geography is confused: but he started from Alexandria, and got to a place which he calls Salonique: thence he went to Mecca: from Mecca through South Arabia—apparently, but this is not certain. After a great many deserts were passed, he went by sea to a place called Marny Francos: and this, he says, is two days' journey from the great city of Sambatyon where the Ten Tribes now dwell. The city is surrounded and completely protected by a broad river, whose current, instead of water, consists of stones and sands, which are hurled and driven with such violence that it is impossible for any one to pass. This river, which gives its name to the city, is sixty yards broad. Note, however, a wonderful thing; on the Sabbath the river is perfectly quiet, but on that day a cloud rests upon the river so that it is invisible.

THE people within the city thus miraculously protected, live in quiet peace and happiness, in the practice of the Jewish Law and Ritual, and receive tribute from the surrounding nations; they have 150,000 horsemen, and the horses themselves are trained to fight with teeth and hoofs. There are twenty-four kings among them, and the principal king is named Eleazar. There are other particulars concerning this wonderful place, but these will suffice. I do not know if the description of the river and City of Sambatyon found any believers when the book was published, fifty years ago, but there were a great many subscribers. Since that date nothing more has been heard about the City and River of Sambatyon.

THE first of what is intended to be an Annual Congress of Art has been held at Liverpool; Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, delivered an Address, in which he told us certain home truths. With the great majority of Englishmen, the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, superficial, desultory, and spasmodic; our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness; they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride; they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity; and while what is excellent, receives from them honour and recognition; what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them—is, indeed, accepted and borne with a dull indifferent acquiescence; and the æsthetic consciousness is not with us a living force, impelling us towards the beautiful, and

rebelling against the unsightly. He also insisted on the necessity of cultivating the critical faculty in art, literature, and the drama. He did not, unfortunately, show us how the critical faculty is to be cultivated. "Let," he said, "an atmosphere be generated among the people, in which the appetite for what is beautiful and noble is whetted and become imperative, in which whatever is ugly and vulgar should be repugnant and hateful to the beholder, and assuredly what is beautiful and noble shall, in due time, be furnished to them, and in steadily increasing excellence, satisfying their taste, and at the same time, further purifying it and heightening its sensitiveness."

THESE are brave words, but they seem a little unpractical. To reduce these sentiments to plain English, it is perfectly true that the general taste in literature, the drama, and art is at a very low level. A melodrama of murder and villainy is appreciated far more than a fine comedy: a novel of murder is far more popular than a novel of manners; and a picture that tells a story, however clumsily, is a great deal more run after than one which deals with art in its higher aspects. But these things must not be said of the (so-called) lower classes any more than of the more wealthy class. Anyone who goes to the Academy, may observe that people always run after the pictures which tell a story: at the railway stalls, the first class passengers buy the sensation novels: at the theatres, they run after the melodrama.

I FANCY that this is the case all over the world; most certainly it is so in America. The French are the only people who have a naturally high standard in style; this they have always possessed, whether in letters or in art. They are the one nation which loves style. As for the Italians, everything modern is with them truly terrible.

How, then, are we to raise the standard of criticism? There is but one way—to accustom the eye to the contemplation of fine pictures: the mind to the study of great poetry and good books: there is no other way possible. If, for instance, one of our East-end working men were to attend regularly at our concerts, he would presently begin to find inferior music simply impossible to be heard without impatience and disgust. In the same way, one who reads none but good books, will find a vulgar book impossible to be read. Let us not, however, believe that the fact of living in a good house and having a good income means the possession of fine taste; if so, those of our authors who belong to the first line would make great fortunes, but they do not.

THE case of Mr. Molloy, at the Parnell Commission, is sorrowful. He evidently, after consulting with his friends, thought it would be great fun to pretend to have a wonderful story to tell: and when placed in the witness-box to have nothing to say at all: not to know anything, and not to remember anything. So he carried out this little practical joke, to which he added the disregard of a subpoena, for which he is now in prison for contempt of court. It is not the kind of joke which Sir C. Russell is likely to appreciate from his side, nor does it do the least harm to the *Times*. Therefore, since it is accompanied by a period of seclusion at present indefinite, probably other jokers who wish to waste the time of the Court will be deterred.

ANOTHER profession has been added to the many now followed by ladies; it is that of chess-player. The professional chess-player plays for stakes: as a rule they are very small: at one resort of chess-players in London, for instance, he plays for sixpence a game; as he always wins, and can generally win as quickly as he pleases, it is only a question of getting enough players. But I fancy the profession is, at best, a poor one. There is, however, a Russian lady who has adopted it, and is said to have made a considerable fortune by her admirable play. This fact I venture to doubt, not because it is unusual to find a good chess-player in a lady, but because the best players cannot make a fortune at it. Most ladies, it is true, have not the patience for this most wonderful and most intellectual of games, at which some men would be content to spend their whole lives. I hope the Palace Chess Club will develop some really first-rate players, able to hold their own against the great chess champions of the world. Undoubtedly, to be a great chess-player, is to be a man of very extraordinary and exceptional ability.

THE age of miracles is by no means over; in Ireland a Roman Catholic priest is working many at this moment. The people are brought to him from all parts, and he cures them of their maladies. Very well: the same thing has been going on here in London ever so long, only we make no fuss about it. It is called "Faith-Healing," and if the patients can be got to believe hard enough, they do without the physician and his medicines, and get well. It is very well known that there is a certain class of nervous disorders which can be removed by the simple process of persuading the patient that they are gone. At the same time they can be induced by making the patient believe that they are come. The Faith-healers, and this miraculous priest, work exactly the same miracles in the same way. Unfortunately, when the excitement is over, the diseases generally return.

THE lower we go in civilisation, the more common do those inexplicable operations of belief become. The negro races, especially, are liable to be attacked by disease as well as cured in the same way. If a negro thinks that someone has "put Obi" upon him, that is to say, has bewitched him, he will slowly pine away and die. On the other hand, he believes that he can put Obi upon his enemy, and make him pine away and die. Naturally, the wise woman and the wise man, or Obeah man, are much in request. What a fearful addition to the burden and terror of life to feel that at any moment one may be bewitched by some enemy, and made to suffer unheard-of pains! Yet it is only two hundred years since all the people in these islands believed in witchcraft.

A COMMON way among the negroes is to make what they call a gri-gri for their enemy. They get a bag, and place in it certain deadly and gruesome things, such as the head of a toad, the finger of a dead child, the root of one plant, the leaves or flower of another, and so forth. Then they tie up the bag, and put it under their enemy's bed. That is the best place for a gri-gri, but if your enemy won't let you get into his bed-room, bury the gri-gri at his door. Once the bag begins to operate—it never fails, but, as the American said of the pill, it is as certain as an alarm clock—nothing goes right with the enemy. His children fall ill, his pigs and cows die, he loses his money, and,—but I know not what would happen next.

ANOTHER race very prone to faith influence is the Malay. If you tell a Malay very seriously, so that he believes you, that he will die, say to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, he makes his preparations for the impending event, and at the appointed hour he will curl up and expire. I have never myself tried this experiment, but if any enemy of mine will pretend to be a Malay, I will try it, and then we will see what will happen.

EDITOR.

### In the Queen's Hall.

THREE concerts are announced for the week, with enough variety to make each programme very interesting.

To-night we have a visit from Mr. George Bernard Gilbert, F.C.O., who will give us some organ solos, and will be supported by a quartet of very excellent vocalists, namely Miss Clara Leighton, Miss Mary McClean, Mr. Charles Rose, and last, but not least, Mr. Wilfred Cunliffe.

For Saturday we are to have a very delightful programme, including the first appearance of the Boys' Choir of the Technical Day Schools, and duets on two pianofortes by Lady Brooke (the Rancee of Sarawak) and Mr. Orton Bradley. The vocalists will be Mdle. Douilly, Miss Clara Myers, Mr. Hirwin Jones, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Miss Marie Douglas will play some violin solos. The organ accompaniments will be played by Mr. Arthur Bayliss.

On Monday a novelty in the shape of duets for organ and pianoforte is promised us by Mr. W. Ralph Norris and Miss Baker; the vocalists are not yet all announced, but they include Madame Barter, Miss Mary Tunnicliffe and Mr. Arthur Taylor, a new-comer, of whom we hear great things.

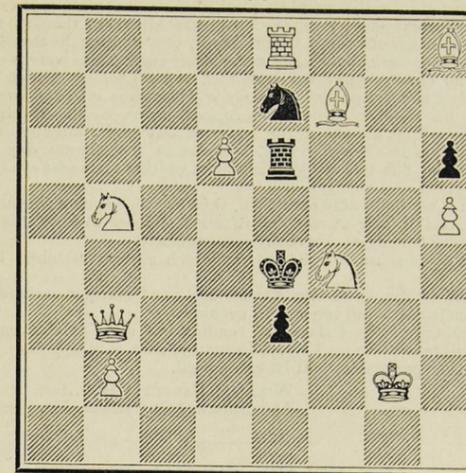
Next Wednesday will be the People's Concert Society's third concert, and we are looking forward to a really great treat of classical music. It is a very pleasant thing to be able to congratulate ourselves on an improvement in the manner in which we listen nowadays to the music in the Queen's Hall. Already we have far less moving about. Could not we manage to refrain from talking loudly during the performances? So many of us seem to forget that the audience is assembled to hear music, and not the buzz of conversational friends.

MUSICUS.

### Our Chess Column.

[Communications for this column to be addressed "CHESS EDITOR," People's Palace, Mile End, E.]

#### PROBLEM No. 4. Black 5 pieces.



White 10 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

All communications intended for publication in the next issue, must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday.

Solutions to problems will appear a fortnight after publication. N.B.—Solutions to Problem No. 3 will be received not later than Saturday, December 15th.

#### GAME No. 3.

Remove Black's KBP.

| WHITE.<br>(Mr. Hanham.) | BLACK.<br>(Dr. Zukertort.) |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P to K4              | 1. P to Q3                 |
| 2. P to Q4              | 2. Kt to KB3               |
| 3. B to Q3              | 3. P to K4                 |
| 4. P to Q5              | 4. B to K2                 |
| 5. Kt to K2             | 5. Castles                 |
| 6. Castles              | 6. P to B3                 |
| 7. P to QB4             | 7. B to Kt5                |
| 8. QKt to B3            | 8. QKt to Q2               |
| 9. P to B3              | 9. B to R4                 |
| 10. Kt to Kt3           | 10. B to Kt3               |
| 11. B to K3             | 11. Q to B2                |
| 12. R to BSq            | 12. Kt to B4               |
| 13. B to QB2            | 13. P to KR4?              |
| 14. P to QKt4           | 14. QKt to Q2              |
| 15. B to Kt3            | 15. K to R2                |
| 16. P to B4 (a)         | 16. Kt to Kt5              |
| 17. Q to Q2 (b)         | 17. Kt takes B!            |
| 18. Q takes Kt          | 18. P takes P              |
| 19. R takes P           | 19. B to Kt4               |
| 20. QKt to K2           | 20. Kt to K4               |
| 21. Kt to B5 (c)        | 21. Kt to Kt5              |
| 22. Q to Kt3            | 22. B takes R              |
| 23. Kt takes B          | 23. Q to Kt3 (ch)          |
| 24. P to B5             | 24. Q takes KtP            |
| 25. Kt takes B          | 25. R takes Kt             |
| 26. P takes R           | 26. Q to Q5 (ch)           |
| 27. K to BSq            | 27. Kt to K6 (ch)          |
| 28. K to K2             | 28. Kt takes BP            |
| 29. Q to Kt5            | 29. R to KSq (ch)          |
| 30. K to BSq            | 30. Kt to K6 (ch)          |
| 31. K to KtSq           | 31. Kt to Q8 (ch)          |

Resigns.

(a) Up to this point we recommend the opening as a model for the guidance of players who receive "pawn and move."

(b) This loses the exchange. P to K5 is the proper move.

(c) R to BSq would have prolonged the game.

Solutions to Problem No. 2 received from G. J. Powell; A. E. Hopwood (a capital problem, with good key move and several pleasing variations); E. J. Smith; W. V. Evans (a good problem); W. Gleave (a really first-class composition—the several sacrifices are beautiful); Ixion (well constructed and by no means easy); J. Closh; and R. T. Hood.

Communications received with thanks from the Chess Editors of the *Sheffield Independent*.

W. GLEAVE.—The author's name is Mr. H. Cudmore.

E. J. SMITH.—Game received with thanks.

### Palace and Institute Notes.

PREPARATIONS for the Christmas Fête are proceeding merrily enough. Mr. Davison, the decorator, who has *carte blanche* in the matter, is determined to eclipse his former efforts at decorating: and the Summer Fête, so phenomenally successful, is to be left far behind. The children, particularly, will share well, for there is to be a monster snowball, the fairy palace of Santa Claus, etc., etc., of which I shall tell you more next week. The fête will commence on Saturday, December 22nd.

ON Wednesday next, the 19th inst., we shall publish the special Christmas number of the Journal. This number will have to do duty for a fortnight: as the ordinary number of the Journal will not be published in Christmas week. Thus, after next Wednesday's issue, we shall not go to press again till the 1st of January.

I would call the special attention of readers, subscribers, and Clubs' Secretaries to the above paragraph.

OUR Christmas number will include contributions by Messrs. H. Rider Haggard, Walter Besant, Jas. Stanley Little, John Ramsay, Hartley Knight, H. Allen Ashton, Clement Scott, and Mrs. Bernard Whishaw.

A DRAMATIC RECITAL will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Hasluck at the Steinway Hall, Portman Square, W., on Thursday, January 3rd, on which occasion Mr. Hasluck will introduce his pupil, Mr. R. Carrington Willis. Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

MANY will regret to hear that Mr. Shaw, who has been taken seriously ill, sought and found admission in the London Hospital last week, where, I am sorry to learn, he is likely to remain some time. We can but wish him a speedy recovery.

THE next Conversazione in the Technical Schools will be given on Saturday next, the 15th inst. On this occasion, only the parents of the lads will be admitted. Admission, as heretofore, by ticket.

Arrangements are being made to take our Palace Members and their friends to the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. Those interested will please note the following facts:—

- 1.—The cost of the excursion, including railway fare to and from Paris, and sleeping and boarding accommodation whilst there, will be £2 10s. per week: or £4 for the fortnight. During the *fête* week (ending 20th July) the charge will be £3 per week.
- 2.—A deposit of 10s. will be required, which, *under no circumstances*, can be returned. Should, however, the depositor find himself unable to accompany the party, he may transfer such deposit to any other intending excursionist.
- 3.—Weekly instalments of not less than 2s. will be received by Mr. Were, every Monday evening, at the Technical School office. This arrangement, however, is entirely optional.
- 4.—As only ten Members can be accommodated each week, names and dates should be sent in as soon as possible. The excursions may, to suit the Members' convenience, commence early in May: against this, however, is the increased price (five francs) for admission to the Exhibition. The beginning of June is suggested for the initial excursions; but this, again, is entirely optional.
- 5.—No ladies can possibly accompany the party.

Those who intend availing themselves of this opportunity must understand that when they go to France they must do as the French do. For instance, they will receive but two meals a day: breakfast, say at 10 or 11 a.m., and dinner in the evening at 7 or 8 p.m. This may seem odd to an untravelled Britisher: but he soon gets accustomed to it, and relishes accordingly. Again, all such luxuries as river-travelling,—and you can have an enjoyable ride down the Seine on funny little steamboats for a few centimes;—admission fees—very few—to public buildings, museums, etc., will be counted as extras, and will not be included in the £2 10s. charge.

SUB-ED.

## Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST on MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

## LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The concert on Thursday suffered through the indisposition of Lady Brooke, who, with Lady Harlech and other friends, would otherwise have given us assistance; and great was the disappointment when it was announced that her ladyship was unable to be with us. Miss Corry kindly consented to take the place of Lady Brooke, and sang Schubert's "Golden Nightingale," and "I cannot sing the Old Songs," by Claribel; both of which were well received. Miss Fisher sang Moir's "Best of All," and "An Old Garden," by Hope Temple. Two recitations, "An Old Maid" and "Lady Clare," were most effectively rendered by Miss L. Rees. Miss Valentine and Mrs. Mellish presided at the pianoforte, the former giving Weber's "Invitation de la Valse," and the latter acting as accompanist. Mr. Deeley, who is always a favourite at these concerts, sang "True till Death," by Gatty, and "Sailing," by T. Adams. Mr. Laundry's "Village Blacksmith" was carefully rendered, and Mr. Newport's baritone voice was heard to advantage in "Anchored" and "The Deacon."

M. MELLISH.

Ladies and gentlemen willing to assist at these concerts are kindly requested to give in their names to Miss Adam, or to Mr. or Mrs. Mellish.

Lady Brooke and Mrs. Godfrey Pearse hope to be present next Thursday; and on Thursday week, December 20th, Miss Agnes Keyser and party have kindly promised to assist.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The usual meeting of the Society was held on Friday, at 8.30, Mr. Hawkins in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were passed. Mr. Spender, B.A., gave a lecture upon "The Minor Poets of the Victorian Period," dealing with Lord Macaulay, Charles Kingsley, Arthur Clough, William Morris, Rossetti, and George Eliot.

Mr. Spender announced that he will be very pleased to receive papers by Members upon "The Works of Charles Kingsley and Lord Macaulay."

Members will please note that the lectures will now be continued weekly, until the course is concluded; the lecture for next Friday, the 13th inst., being upon "Carlyle and John Stuart Mill," will be held in Room 21, in the old School-buildings; admission free (by ticket) to Members of the Palace.

Intending Members to the Society may be enrolled every Friday evening, on application to the Hon. Secs., in the Secretaries' Room, School-buildings. Subscription, 6d., till March next.

Further information will be supplied on application to

B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.  
C. J. WHITE, }

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, December 4th.—After the minutes of preceding sitting had been read and passed, Mr. Hawkins (East Manchester), gave notice of an objection to the Clerk of the House taking his rightful position as Club Representative, upon political grounds. The Speaker then read the "Queen's Speech."

The Premier (Mr. Ives) announced the resignation of the Secretary for War (Mr. Glibbery), the right hon. member not having sufficient time at his disposal for the proper fulfilment of that office. Mr. Glibbery (Hampstead) moved an address to Her Majesty thanking her for her gracious speech, and assuring her of the loyalty of her "People's Palace Commons"; the mover gave a speech worthy of the occasion, and Mr. Spratley (Hallamshire) seconded; the debate being continued with much earnestness and interest by Messrs. Hawkins (East Manchester), Taylor (Strand), Ives (Premier), London (London), Collard (South Paddington). The debate was then adjourned.

All Palace Members—excepting ladies—heartily invited to join this Society, the opportunity of taking a safe seat with only a 1s. subscription, and no returning officer's expenses, is one which should be eagerly sought by all and missed by none. Members enrolled every Tuesday, also on Thursday next, in the Secretaries' Room, between 8 and 10 p.m.

All Members who have not signed the roll or taken their seats, are requested to do so at once.

Orders of the Day for Tuesday, 18th inst.—Resumed Debate upon the Queen's Speech. Alteration of Bye-Law 1.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon Sec. and  
Clerk of the House.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The ordinary meeting of the Club took place on Friday evening, the 7th inst. (Room 12). Thirty-five Members were present. Mr. Davis was voted to the chair.

After the routine business had been disposed of, Mr. Farmer read an interesting paper on "Modes of Development."

Our Lecturer commenced by asking the Members what they thought would be the greatest photographic invention that could benefit photographers generally. Several Members thought that the reproduction of colours would do so; another thought the doing away with the dark room; and many other suggestions were given; but yet no one hit upon the same idea as our Lecturer, which was a means by which prints could be ready a few minutes after exposure, so that any one wishing to be photographed, before leaving the studio after the sitting, could, in the space of say eight minutes, take the photos. with them finished, whereas at the present day the photographer has to keep his customers waiting for weeks ere they are ready.

Several methods were explained, showing that such a process is possible, and it now awaits one of our Members to work this out and thereby benefit photography commercially.

A lively discussion followed, in which several Members took part.

Votes of thanks to Mr. Farmer and our Chairman terminated a most instructive and interesting evening.

Members of the Palace are reminded of our Social Evening, which will take place on Friday, December 21st, at 7.30 p.m.

Further particulars will be announced.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.  
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Our Soirée, which was held on Saturday evening last, proved a great success, and all who were present seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We most particularly thank those ladies and gentlemen who gave their services at the piano, viz., the Misses Ludbrook, M. Scott, K. Rogers, R. Hattersley, and B. Laundry; and Messrs. Orton Bradley, Constable, Deane, and Smith. Dancing was, of course, in the greatest favour; but some capital song were sung by Miss Waller, the Rev. Mr. Banbury, and Messrs. Chatterton, Jacobs, March, and Laundry. In the course of the evening we also had the pleasure of hearing Miss Squires sing, and two capital violin solos by Mr. E. O'Brien.

Rehearsals next week as usual: Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir in No. 2 Room of the Ladies' Social-rooms; Friday at 8 p.m. in the new Music-room.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies in all the parts, but we are particularly in want of Tenors and Contraltos. The Secretary, Mr. Laundry, will be most happy to receive the names of any ladies or gentlemen, with a knowledge of music, wishing to join the Society. There are vacancies also for one or two male altos for the Male Voice Choir, which meets on Tuesday evenings at 8.45. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

## LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

The Ladies' Gymnastic Display will take place on Tuesday, December 18th, instead of Thursday, December 20th as announced.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday 4th, we had, as usual, a good muster.

On Friday, owing to the bad weather, our numbers were not quite so large, but we had some good sparring.

Our Captain, Mr. A. Bowman, has entered for the German Gymnasium Competition, which takes place this day, Wednesday, and to-morrow; and in order to prepare himself, had the gloves on for the first time with the Instructor,—this spar being the most interesting of the evening.

I think I may safely say that our Captain bears with him to the German Gymnasium our best wishes for his success, the more so, as any success he achieves will, of course, naturally reflect credit on our Club through his being such a prominent Member.

We have strong hopes of, in our next report, being able to announce a Competition on our own account, for about the middle of January; so it behoves every one to work himself up if he has any idea of taking part in it.

Members are again reminded that the December subscriptions are now due.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon Secs.  
ROBERT M. B. LAING, }

## BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. MANOR PARK.—This, the return encounter with the above Clubs, was played at Wanstead in anything but fine weather, and resulted in a draw, one goal each, after an exciting and even game. The Manor Park's Captain winning the toss, had choice of goal. Sherrell started the ball for the 'Monts; after each goal being attacked in turn, the first half was reached without anything being notched. The Manor's, re-starting the ball, had to act on the defensive, as the 'Monts began to press, and quickly scored a goal, by some neat passing on behalf of the forwards. Another start being made, the Manors pulled themselves together, and soon equalized matters by a splendid shot, which our goal-keeper could not reach. The rest of the game the 'Monts had to act on the defensive, but prevented the Manor's scoring; our backs were playing a splendid defensive game—an occasional break away by the forwards—but were unable to pass our opponents' back, especially Pickett, who was playing a grand game. The following played well:—Pickett, Russell, Stokes for the M.P.F.C., and Cox, Hart, Buck, Jessemann for the 'Monts. Manor Park Team:—Humphries (goal); Pickett, R. Horlock (back); Dearlove, Cosburn, Russell (half-backs); Pethgrew, Stairs, Stokes, R. Horlock, Bignall (forwards). Team:—Buck (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, Cowlin, Winch (half-backs); Jessemann, Jacobson, Sherrell, Partridge, Cox (forwards). There is no match next Saturday, as several of our Members are representing East London against North London at Edmonton on the Edmonton F.C. ground.

SECOND ELEVEN v. LONDON, TILBURY, & SOUTHBEND RAILWAY.—This contest was played last Saturday on the ground of the latter at East Ham, and resulted in a defeat for the 'Monts by six goals to love. Match next Saturday at Wanstead. Kick off at three sharp. Team:—Helbing (goal); Wenn, Hawkins (backs); Cattle, J. Munro, Cowlin (half-backs); Jacobson, Horseman, Butterwick, Edmunds, Arno (forwards).

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.  
E. SHERRELL, }

## EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Chess, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.

Members meet for practice in the East ante-room every evening from 7 p.m. Entrance through the Library.

A match was played on Tuesday, 4th inst., in the Junior Metropolitan Clubs Competition against the General Post Office, which was won by our men by 5½ games to 2½. The score was as follows:—

| Wins. | East London.        | G.P.O.   | Wins. |
|-------|---------------------|----------|-------|
| 0     | H. Cudmore .. ..    | Gattie   | 1     |
| ½     | E. J. Smith .. ..   | Budd     | ½     |
| 0     | C. E. Bacon .. ..   | Nops     | 1     |
| 1     | J. Baker .. ..      | Tyler    | 0     |
| 1     | W. Evans .. ..      | McLaren  | 0     |
| 1     | G. Haslam .. ..     | Beevor   | 0     |
| 1     | A. E. Hopwood .. .. | Frithard | 0     |
| 1     | A. Clegg .. ..      | Lee      | 0     |

5½ The Handicap Tourney started on Saturday, 8th inst. Twenty-four Members are competing, and great interest is being taken in the games played.

The Cup Competition will commence on Saturday next, 15th inst. Any Member who desires to enter are requested to give in their names at once. Play will begin at 7.30 p.m.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the exhibition to be held in January are as follows:—

|                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| Design .. ..    | A Rug.  |
| Figure .. ..    | "And then, the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, and shaming morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school." |
| Landscape .. .. | A Farm.   |
| Marine .. ..    | After a Storm.  |
|                 | Still Life.   |

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.  
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.

The state of the weather, no doubt, had a great deal to do with the small attendance at Wanstead on Saturday. Owing to the rain no run was held, but, weather permitting, it will be held next Saturday at 6 o'clock, start from the Palace. Football practice at Wanstead at 3.30.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This Society met as usual for practice on Monday last, and had a fairly successful evening.

The Society will meet again on Monday next.

G. T. STOCK, } Hon. Sec.  
H. A. GOLD, }

## PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

PALACE SCHOOLS 2ND v. DEMPSEY STREET SCHOOLS.—Played at Wanstead, our boys carrying all before them to the tune of seven goals to nil. Well done Second! Keep up the record. Team:—Lowden (goal); Bersey, Bellington (backs); Bosworth, Langdon (Capt.), Maggs (half-backs); Edmunds, Wilmott, Howard, Allen (forwards).

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

After the usual practice of the above last Thursday, a General Meeting was held, called especially for the purpose of electing a Committee-man in the place of Mr. Schermulz, who had resigned. Three Members were proposed and seconded, viz., Messrs. Connor, Kerr, and Hadley; Mr. Connor withdrew from the contest, he not having the time to spare at his disposal; this left only Messrs. Kerr and Hadley in the field. Mr. A. Kerr, obtaining the majority, was duly elected.

There is still a tendency on the part of Members to be lax in punctuality and attendance. If good work is to be done, the Members must do their utmost to attend all the practices regularly and punctually.

A new clarinet and case belonging to the Band has disappeared recently from the General Offices. Should anyone be able to afford any information respecting same, they will greatly oblige by communicating either with the Secretaries of the Band or the General Offices.

W. SHAW CONSTABLE, Hon. Sec.  
W. SPILLER, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Really, Mr. Pluvius, you are playing it just a trifle too sore on us poor mortals. After we had made up our minds that Jack Frost had dethroned you, and relegated you some other region to reign over, you come down on our pates as hard as ever, and leave us quarrelling in the mud. Do have a care, I beseech you, or else we will be washed out of existence altogether. Last Saturday's weather experience was of the most tantalising kind. Like others, I had built up my expectations for a splendid afternoon's outing, and (whisper) had arranged to take—but, dash that beastly rain, and then the more beastly dirt. With Bunthorne I am tempted to hum: "Oh, to be wafted away from this Aeldama of sorrow, when the rain of an earthy to-day is the dirt of a rainy to-morrow!"

The Smoking-concerts in connection with this Club will be continued on Friday next, at 8.30, in Room 12. Tickets admitting Member and friend to be had from Messrs. Byard and C. A. Bowman, also from the Secretary.

T. G. CARTER, Captain and Hon. Sec.

## MEMBERS' SOCIAL CONCERT.

A very successful concert was carried out in the Music-room on Saturday last. Mr. R. J. Harry took the chair, and was assisted by Messrs. Burley and Rugg. The following gentlemen participated:—Messrs. Burley, Hendry, Arnold, Rugg, Polack, Pearce, and the Misses Marks and Leapman. Mr. Fosh again very kindly presided at the piano and gave a clever musical sketch.

Concert on Saturday next. No ladies admitted.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last about twenty-two Members of the above Club were allowed, at very short notice, to visit the well-known Silk-works of Messrs. Stephen Walters and Sons, and were conducted round by Mr. J. A. Dickinson, the Superintendent.

The first thing he called our attention to was the winding process, the parting of the skeins, and putting on the reels with accuracy. We were then shown the "picking of canes," that is the entering through a reed of 4,000 threads, and laying on roll perfectly smooth, clearing off all knots or fluff.

Some of the employés were detained for our especial benefit to weave various fabrics, such as satin, satinettes, umbrella and garment work, etc.; one of the looms, making label, weaving the words "English manufacture." We also saw a piece of silk 110 yards in length, used for court plaister, which was something unusual for ordinary silk works.

It may be interesting to note that a hand-loom weaver would probably give from three to four yards a day on similar work above mentioned, in comparison with from ten to twelve yards produced in the same time by machinery.

A hearty vote of thanks,—proposed by our Secretary, seconded by Mr. Marshall, and carried unanimously,—was accorded Mr. Dickinson for the pains he had taken to explain everything. That gentleman, in reply, very kindly offered to make our next visit still more interesting, provided a little more notice was given him.

## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

The first monthly Members' *Soirée Dansante* will be held on Friday next, December 14th, at 8 p.m. prompt, in the Ladies Social-room (No. 2), admission to which will be by Ramblers' new ticket only. Each Member has the privilege of introducing a Member of the Palace on the occasion, and it is desirable that each lady will invite a gentleman, and *vice versa*.

On Saturday next, December 15th, we visit *The Times'* printing office, and as this has involved a ballot being taken, as not more than six Members are allowed at each visit, the following is the result:—Miss Vaughan, Miss Ely, Messrs. Doyle, Stockley, Mulhern, and McKenzie. The above-named Members are requested to meet outside the Mansion House Station at twelve o'clock noon.

The Hon. Secretaries will be in attendance on Monday next, December 17th, to issue Membership Tickets, in Room 8, old School-buildings, from 8.30 till 9.30, when any information respecting the above Club will be most gladly given.

H. ROUR, Hon. Sec.  
W. H. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Once more the terpsichorean Muse reigns supreme, and consequently on Saturday last this popular and enterprising young Club, which moves with the times, brought to a very successful issue their first Cinderella dance; and this, notwithstanding that their old friend (?) Jupiter P. was once again on their track, and was exceedingly lavish in his goodness at the hour when ye trippers were expected to arrive—but we are digressing. The *venue* was laid at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, Bow. Quadrilles were announced for seven o'clock, and shortly after that time the company began to assemble until the muster must have numbered between eighty and a hundred persons, the rooms presenting a most animated appearance; and we think the Stewards are to be complimented on the very efficient manner all the arrangements were carried through—not a single complaint being made in any one respect. The music, the time, the floor, and last, but not least, the company, were all that could be desired, every one being happy and sociable, and, consequently, there was not even a fringe of animosity shown anywhere. One gentleman being heard to remark: "That although he expected to meet with a select company, he was agreeably disappointed in meeting with what might be termed an aristocratic one"; and a lady (of course, they will not be outdone) observed, while congratulating an officer on the success attained, "That it was the jolliest dance she had attended during the present season." While penning these lines, we are requested to thank Mr. W. Marshall, of Palace renown, for adding to the harmony of the evening by the kind and able manner he carried out the duties of M.C., in conjunction with Mr. J. R. Deeley, the Hon. Sec., who was responsible for the general arrangements. The evening was brought to a most happy conclusion a quarter of an hour before midnight. Messrs. E. J. Crowe and E. O. Robb, members of the Club, acted as Stewards, and carried out their duties most efficiently.

Prior to the dance, a run was held in the afternoon. About fourteen of our members, and one visitor from the Stoke Newington Harriers, turned out in the rain, and had a most enjoyable spin, returning wet through, but none the worse for their drenching.

The fixture for Saturday next, is a run over the Five Mile Course, for the "Flower Cup" Handicap, on which date entries with fee, one shilling, should be sent in.

New Members are still being enrolled, and any gentleman wishing to join should communicate with the undersigned.

It is proposed to hold another "Hop" early in January, particulars of which will shortly be announced, and while thanking our friends for their past patronage, we would ask them to continue the same in the future.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.,  
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.  
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.,  
14, Canal Road, Mile End, E.

He that sleeps without supper, gets up without debt.

Though the will be idle, yet be not you idle.

Three things evince the character of the mind—books, presents, messengers.

Borrowed dresses give no warmth.

The mother of the murdered sleeps, but the mother of the murderer does not sleep.

Need develops the mind.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to good.

The best companions, when you sit, are good books.

The best visits are the shortest.

Silence is often an answer.

Slipping may happen even in July.

He plucks out the tooth of the dog, and barks himself.

Sciences are locks, and inquiry the key to them.

## A Day in a Wild-Beast Pit.

I WAS hurrying along a slight track when, bang all at once, down I went into one of these concealed pits. The *syce* was close behind me, and in falling I yelled out to him, "Kubberdar!" and probably saved him from the same fate that had overtaken myself. I went plop! straight down into a deep dismal hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tenacious clayey mud. In fact, when I tried to struggle and free myself I found I was held as firm as if I had been birdlimed. I had been wearing riding-boots rather tight for me, and struggle as I might I found I was "properly planted," and utterly powerless to free myself. Indeed, the more I struggled the firmer I seemed to get stuck, so, never doubting but that with the assistance of my *syce* I would get out all right, I called to him; and for the first time, with a feeling akin to dismay, I discovered that there was no response. The truth was that the *syce*, after seeing, as he thought, that I had dropped in for a permanent "billet," had seized the opportunity and made straight back for the tent. I shuddered as I noted the dismal surroundings. There were several great gaunt-looking yellowish-green frogs peering at me with curious eyes; and then, as I turned my head around a little I made a discovery that made my very heart cease beating for a minute, and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back in my veins. There, right on a level with my face, its length half concealed in a crevice in the crumbling sides of the pit, its hood half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, I saw a great cobra. It was evidently half afraid, half angry, and did not know what to make of me. I could see it was a prisoner like myself, and it had been most probably lured into the pit by hearing the croaking of the frogs, and in endeavouring to reach them it must have fallen in. I felt my heart for the moment cease beating; but I was petrified almost with the dread of my luckless position. I could not say but what the brute might at any moment make a dart at me. I felt utterly helpless and despairing, and for a moment my heart whispered to me that my end had come. Then came a sort of nervous recklessness. I suppose it was "the fury of despair" we read about. I know I uttered a savage curse, and, snatching my hard helmet, I hit the brute a slashing blow in the face, and then began to fight for life. It was a big powerful snake. The blow had only maddened it. Its hood expanded, its hissing filled the pit, and, swaying and rearing its clammy length, it launched full at my face. My gun was lying choked up with dirt and half buried in the "pank," but I had my hunting-knife with me, and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my helmet, I made quick stabs and slashes at it whenever I could get a chance; and after a short exciting struggle it succumbed, and tried to withdraw behind the crevice, but with a slice of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for a while—you may laugh at me or no, as you will—all was a blank. I must have fainted. The weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above, I conjectured, for even in the deep dank pit the air was stifling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. Oh, man (said the General, here becoming quite pathetic), it was an awful weary wait. Hour after hour passed on. Again and again I tried to drag myself free, but I only exhausted myself in fruitless struggles. When I came to myself it was barely light, it was still raining heavily and stolidly, the big drops plashed down; I could see a dull leaden sky above, and I knew the *nullahs* and water-courses would soon be full. The battle of the elements had ceased; and but for the continuous crash of falling rain, all was still. The water in the pit was nearly up to my shoulders. I felt I was doomed to die, and a sort of sullen, despairing stupor took possession of me. I had now given up all hope, when, hark! I thought I heard the sound of a human voice! With all the agony of despair I raised a cry for help. There was an awful pause, and then I heard my faithful servant crying in response. Again I cried out, and I soon saw his dear old wrinkled face peering down at me from the edge of the pit.

"Mr. Sampson asked me to be his wife last night, papa."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him he must give me a little time, and he said I could have the usual thirty days, or 5 per cent. off cash, and then he stopped and apologised. What am I to think of him, papa?"

"Think of him?" shouted the old man. "That young fellow is full of business, and you can't say 'yes' too quick!"—*Grip*.

## "To Call Her Mine."

BY  
WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER I.—ON AN ISLAND.

"I WILL now," said the German, "read your statement over, and you can sign it if you like. Remember, however, what your signature may mean. As for what I shall do with it afterwards, depends on many things."

"Do what you like with it," replied the Englishman, slowly and huskily. "Send it to the police in London, if you like. I don't care what becomes of it, or of myself either. For I am tired of it; I give in. There! I give in. No one knows what it is like until you actually come to fight with it."

He did not explain what "it" was; but the other seemed to understand what he meant, and nodded his head gravely, though coldly. "It," spoken of in this way, is generally some foe to man. If toothache, or earache, or any ordinary physical evil had been meant, that German, or any other German, Frenchman, Russian, or Englishman, would have nodded his head with a sympathetic murmur. Since there was no murmur, therefore there was no sympathy.

The two men were, as you will presently admit, a most curious couple to look upon, set among most remarkable surroundings, if only there had been any spectators or audience to watch and admire them. The scene—none of your conventional carpenter's scenes, but a grand set scene—was, if possible, more interesting than the couple in the foreground. For in front there stretched the seashore, the little waves lapping softly and creeping slowly over the level white coral sand; beyond the smooth water lay the coral reef with its breakers; at the back of the sandy shore was a gentle rise of land, covered with groves of cocoa-palms and bananas; among them were clearings planted with fields of sweet potatoes and taro; two or three huts were visible beneath the trees. Again, beyond the level belt, rose a great green mountain, five or six thousand feet high, steep, and covered to the summit with forest. Here and there a perpendicular cliff broke the smoothness of the slope, and over the cliff leaped tiny cascades—threads of light sparkling in the evening sunshine. The time was about six—that is, an hour before sunset; the air was warm and soft; the sloping sunshine lay on grove and clearing, seashore and mountain side, forest and green field, making everything glow with a splendid richness and prodigality of colour, softening outlines and bringing out new and unsuspected curves on the hillside. The mid-day sun makes these thick forests black with shade; the evening sun lights them up, and makes them glorious and warm with colour.

As one saw the place this evening, one might see it every evening, for in New Ireland there is neither summer nor winter, but always, all the year round, the promise of spring, the heat of summer, and the fruition of autumn; with no winter at all, except the winter of death, when the branches cease to put forth leaves and stretch out white arms, spectral and threatening, among their living companions in the forest. Sometimes one may see whole acres of dead forest standing like skeletons by day and like ghosts by night, till the white ants shall have knawed their way through the trunks to prepare their fall, and till the young shoots at their feet shall have sprung up round them to hide the ghastly whiteness of death. The reason of this commingling of spring and summer, autumn and winter, is that the latitude of New Ireland, as everybody knows, is about 4 deg. south, which is very near the isothermal line. People who desire to feel the warmth of this latitude—a warmth which goes right through and through a man, like light through a pane of glass—need not go so far as New Ireland, but may stop on their way at Singapore, where there are not only no cannibals, but the hotels—there are no hotels in New Ireland—are "replete," as the advertisements say, "with every comfort."

Considering that New Ireland has been visited by so very few, and that the place is as yet entirely unexplored, the fact that here were two Europeans upon it at the same time, and yet not arrived there with the same objects, was in itself remarkable; the more so because its people have a curious and cultivated taste in cookery, and prefer roasted Brother Man to the roast of any other animal, inasmuch that missionaries have hitherto avoided these shores, feeling that to be killed and eaten before converting anybody would be a sinful waste of good joints. After the conversion of many, indeed, the thing might take the form and present the attractions of serviceable martyrdom.

Where the situation and the scene were both so remarkable it seems almost superfluous to point out that the

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appearance of both men was also remarkable; although, among such surroundings any man might well strive to live and present an appearance up to the scene. One of them—the German—was a man of colossal proportions, certainly six feet six in height, and broad in proportion, with strong shoulders and well-shaped legs—both legs and shoulders being bare, and therefore in evidence. He was still quite a young man—well under thirty. His hair was light brown, short and curly; an immense brown beard covered his face and fell over his chest. His eyes were blue and prominent, and he wore spectacles. His dress was modelled generally, but with modifications, on the dress of the inhabitants of these islands. His only robe was a great piece of Fiji tapu cloth, white, decorated with black lozenges and a brown edging; it was rolled once round his waist, descending to his knees, and was then thrown over his left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. The sun had painted this limb a rich warm brown. He wore a cap something like that invented, and patented for the use of solitary, by Robinson Crusoe: it was conical in shape, and made of feathers brightly coloured. He had sandals of thin bark tied to his feet by leather thongs, and he wore a kind of leather scarf, from which depended a revolver case, a field-glass in a case, a case of instruments, and a large water-proof bag. These constituted his whole possessions, except a thick cotton umbrella, with a double cover, green below and white above. This he constantly carried open. He was smoking a large pipe of the shape well known in Germany. Lastly, one observed in him a thing so incongruous, that it was really the most remarkable of all. You know the Robinson Crusoe of the stage; you know the holy man or the hermit of the Royal Academy. Both the Robinson Crusoe of the stage and the St. Anthony of the desert in the picture, are just as clean as if they had just come out of the bath, or at least had been quite recently blessed with a heavy shower, and they are, besides, as well groomed as if they had just completed a careful morning toilette. Now, Robinson on his island, and the hermit in his desert, may have been picturesque, but I am quite certain that they were always unkempt, unclean, and uncared for. This young man—say this young gentleman—was most carefully groomed, although he was on a cannibal island. His hands were clean, and his nails did not look as if they had been torn off by the teeth—I have often thought of poor Robinson's sufferings in this respect—his face was clean; his hair neatly cut, though it was cut by his own hands, and had been brushed that day; his great beard was carefully combed; and his toga of native cloth was clean. Now, a neat and clean beachcomber is a thing never heard of. Always they are in rags; and, when they do descend so low as to wear the native dress, they have generally assumed and made their own the manners and customs of a native.

This interesting person was, as I have said, a German. Now, what is pedantry in an Englishman is thoroughness in a German. No Englishman could have worn this dress without feeling as if the whole world's finger of scorn was turned upon him: but to the German the dress was part of the programme. He had learned the language, and what he could of the manners, before landing on the shore. A dress as nearly as possible approximating to the Polynesian garb was a natural accompaniment to the language. The spectacles, the umbrella, and the cap of feathers were necessary concessions to European civilisation.

The other man, one could see immediately, was an Englishman. It was also clear to anyone who had eyes and understanding, that he was an Englishman of country birth and breeding. To begin with, his clothes were not those of a sailor. The rough flannel shirt, which had lost all its buttons and one of its sleeves; the coarse canvas trousers; the old boots broken down at heel, and showing in the toes an inclination—nay, a resolution—for divorce between sole and upper; the broad shapeless felt hat,—all spoke of the soil. His gait and carriage sang aloud of the ploughed fields; his broad and ruddy cheeks, his reddish brown hair and beard, spoke of the south or west of England. No doubt he was once—how did such a one contrive to get to the shores of New Ireland?—a farmer or labourer. He was a well-built man, who looked short beside this tall German. But he was above the average height. His age might be about six or eight and twenty. His hair hung in masses over his shoulders, and his beard was thicker than his companion's, though not so long; and so far from being clean and trim, he presented a very unwashed, uncombed, and neglected appearance indeed. His face, which had been once a square, full face, was drawn and haggard; his eyes, which were meant to be frank, were troubled; and his carriage, which should have been upright and brave, was heavy and dejected. He seemed, as he stood before the other man, at once ashamed and remorseful.

"Listen: I will read it carefully and slowly," said the German. "Sit down while I read it. If there is a single word that is not true, you can alter that word before you sign."

The man sat down obediently—there was a curious slowness about his movements as well as his speech—while the German read the document, which was written very closely on two pages of a note-book. Space was valuable, because this note-book contained all the paper there was on the island of New Ireland, and had, therefore, to be husbanded. He read in a good English accent, not making more confusion of his f's and v's than was sufficient to assert his pride of nationality. And as he read, he looked down upon the man whose words he was repeating with contempt and astonishment. For the man had done so dreadful and terrible a thing; he had committed a crime which was horrible, and required the white heat of rage and fury; and yet the man looked so pitiful a creature!

"Listen," he said again, "and correct me when I am wrong."

This was the paper which he read on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and on the island of New Ireland, one evening in the year 1884:—

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe, Devonshire, being now on an island on the Pacific Ocean, where I expect to be shortly killed and eaten by the cannibals, declare that the following is the whole truth concerning the death of my uncle, Daniel Leighan, of the same parish, farmer.

"He jockeyed me out of my property; he kept on lending me money in large sums and small sums, and making me sign papers in return, and never let me know how much I owed him; he made me mortgage my land to him; he encouraged me to drink and to neglect my farm. At last, when I was head over ears in debt, he suddenly brought down the law upon me, foreclosed, and took my land. That was the reason of our quarrel. I stayed about the place, sometimes at Challacombe, sometimes at Moreton, and sometimes at Bovey, till my money was nearly all gone. Then I must either starve, or I must become a labourer where I had been a master, or I must go away and find work somewhere else. I had but thirty pounds left in the world, and I made up my mind to go away. It was a day in October of the year 1880, which I remember, because it was the cold, wet season of 1879 which finished my ruin, as it did many others, who that year came to the end of their capital or their credit. I went to see my uncle, and begged him to lend me thirty pounds more, to start me in Canada, where I'd heard say that fifty pounds will start a man who is willing to make his own clearance and to work. I was that sick of myself that I was willing to work like a negro slave if I could work on my own land. But work in England on another man's land I could not. Said my uncle,—I shall not forget his words,—'Nephew David,' he said, grinning, 'you've been a fool and lost your money. I've been a wise man and kept mine. Do you think I'm going to give you more money to fool away?' I wonder I did not kill him then and there, because it was through him and his lendings that I came so low. He sat in his room at Gratnor, his account books before him, and he looked up and laughed at me while he said it, jingling the money that was in his pocket. Yet I asked him for nothing but the loan of thirty pounds, which I might pay back, or, perhaps, I mightn't. Thirty pounds! And I was his nephew, and by his arts and practices he jockeyed me out of a farm of three hundred acres, most of it good land, with the brook running through it, and a mill upon it. What was thirty pounds compared with what he'd got out of me?"

"I remember very well what I said to him—never mind what it was—but I warrant he laughed no longer, though he kept up his bullying to the end, and told me to go to the devil my own way, and the farther from my native parish the better. So I left him, and walked away through Watercourt to John Exon's Inn, where I sat all that day drinking brandy-and-water. I told nobody what happened, but they guessed very well that I'd had a quarrel with my uncle, and all the world knew by that time how he'd got my land into his own possession.

"About six o'clock in the evening Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, came to the inn, and Grandfather Derges with him, and they had a mug of cider apiece. And then, being more than a bit in liquor, but not so far gone as not to know what I was saying, I began to talk to them about my own affairs. I told them nothing about the quarrel with my uncle, but I said, what was quite true, that I had no stomach to stay and take labourer's wage in the parish where I should see all day long the land that had been mine and my father's before me, and his father's, further back then the church register goes. Why, the Sidcotes and the Leighans came to Challa-

combe together—the Sidcotes to Sidcote Farm, and the Leighans to Berry Down—as everybody knows, when it was nothing but hillside and forest, with never a house, or a field, or a church, or anything upon it. Therefore I said I should go away; and it was my purpose to go away that very evening. I should walk to Bovey Tracey, I said; I should take the train to Newton Abbot and so to Bristol, where I should find a ship bound for foreign parts. That was what I said; and, perhaps, it was lucky I said so much. But I don't know, because the verdict of the jury I never heard.

"Well, Mr. David," says Harry the blacksmith, 'you've been an unlucky one, Sir, and we wish you better luck where you be going—wherever that may be.' And so said Grandfather Derges. And Mrs. Exon must pour out a last glass of brandy-and-water, which I took, though I'd had more than enough already. Then we shook hands and I came away.

"'Twas then about eight and there was a half moon, the night being fine and breezy, and flying clouds in the sky. As I crossed the green, the thought came into my head, that I was a fool to go to Bristol when Plymouth and Falmouth were nearer and would suit my purpose better. I could walk to Plymouth easy, and so save the railway money. Therefore, I resolved to change my plan, and, instead of turning to the left by Farmer Cummings', I turned to the right at Ivy Cottage and walked across the churchyard, and took the road which goes over Heytree Down to Widdicombe, and then leads to Ashburton and Totnes.

"It was only a chance, mark you, that I took that road; only a chance. I did not know, and I did not suspect, that my uncle had ridden over to Ashburton after I left him. All a chance it was. I never thought to meet him; and he might have been living till now if it hadn't been for that chance."

The man who was listening groaned aloud at this point. "The first two miles of the road is a narrow lane between high edges. What with the brandy I had taken, and the memory of the morning quarrel, I was in as bad a temper as a man need to be; which was the reason why the Devil took possession of me.

"Presently I passed through Heytree Gate, and so out where the road runs over the open down, and here I began to think—the Devil getting in at my head—what I would do if I had my uncle before me; and the blood came into my eyes, and I clutched the cudgel hard. Who do you think put that thought into my head? The Devil. Why did he put that thought into my head? Because the very man was riding along the road on his way home from Ashburton, and because I was going to meet him in about ten minutes."

"Why," asked the German, looking up from the paper, "why is it that criminals and ignorant people cling so fondly to their Devil?"

As nobody replied, he went on reading. "I heard the footsteps of his pony a long way off. I was in the middle of the open road when I heard him open Hewed-stone gate with his hunting-crop and clatter through. I saw him coming along in the moonlight. While he was still a good way off, before I could see his face, I knew who it was by the shape of his shoulders and the way he went over the pony as he rode. Then I saw his face, and I stood still by the side of the road and waited for him. 'Murder him! Murder him!' whispered a voice in my ear. Whose voice was that? The Devil's voice.

"My stick was a thick heavy cudgel with a knob. I grasped it by the end and waited. "He did not see me. He was looking straight before him, thinking, I suppose, how he had done well to get his nephew out of the way—the nephew he had robbed and ruined. So, as he came up to me, I lifted my arm and struck him on the head once, crying, 'Give me back my land, villain!' But I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan.

"He fell, I say, from his pony clean on to the ground, his feet slipping from the stirrups. And there he lay, on the broad of his back—dead.

"He was quite dead. His face was white and his heart had ceased to beat. I stood beside him for an hour, waiting to see if he would recover. I hoped he would; because it is a dreadful thing to think that you have murdered a man, even when you are still hot with rage. If he would only recover a little and sit up, I thought, I should be a happy man.

"But he did not. He lay quite still and cold. "Then I began to think that if I were caught I should be hanged. Would they suspect me? Fortunately, no one had seen me take that road. I was certain of that, so far, and they thought I had gone to Bovey. I must go away as quickly as I could, and leave no trace or sign that would make them suspect me.

(To be continued.)

## On Dress.

(Continued from our last issue.)

THERE is the question, too, of health, too wide for me to touch on now, except to say that we do well when we buy materials that are not too thin to protect us from change of weather, nor so heavy as to be a burden to carry, nor of a kind that pick up dust and dirt while they do not admit of being easily brushed or cleaned. Also *ease* in dress is very important. Whatever prevents free respiration or restricts the play of the muscles is injurious to health: tight bodices and waists especially so, as they compress the lungs and the liver, and interfere with their free action, but to those who join the classes in the Gymnasium I need not insist on this point; I will only say we should aim at well fitting dresses, and that dresses that are too tight are as ill fitting as those that are too loose, in which, I am sure, our good friend, Mrs. Scrivener, will bear me out.

I will sum up, then, the points to which the woman who would be well dressed will direct her attention. Dress should be

- 1st. Suitable to our position and work in life.
  - 2nd. Graceful in form.
  - 3rd. Becoming to the individual.
  - 4th. Tasteful in colour.
  - 5th. Simple in ornament.
  - 6th. Durable.
- Lastly. Healthful and easy.

Good taste, which I may explain as a sense of what is fitting and suitable, will help us in deciding on these things. Some few have this taste in them innately, and some have none. That is no ground for discouragement. Taste is a power that may be cultivated if we look out for good models, we are willing to take hints, above all if we are careful to avoid extremes, and our taste will grow.

Now there are *two things* that act as hindrances to using our good taste. The first is *want of means*, either in money or time. As I remarked before, our first duty is only to have what we can and ought rightly to afford, and a narrow purse is a necessity that must always rule us. But it is not always the more expensive dress that is the more tasteful. Attention to blending colours, and a little forethought may do much. It is well to have such lasting garments as jackets and mantles of black, or of some neutral tint that will not jar with any gown or bonnet we may like to wear. Straw or felt hats had better follow the same rule if we cannot afford to renew them often, and the larger portion of our costume had better be of the darker or more quiet shade, reserving the touch of bright colour for the trimmings, the ribbons, the neck ties. And for all who have to live where, alas! there is so much smoke and dust and mud, I would say choose your materials wisely, don't take that which is too delicate in colour, and so will soon fade or look dirty. Get substantial things that you can brush and renovate. Trimmings are often a source of expense, they grow shabby before the main stuff does, and must either be renewed, or leave an ugly mark where we have removed them. Whatever is worn at the neck and sleeves should be of a kind to be readily made clean, for cleanliness is the crowning beauty of a woman's dress. Beads, tinsel, gilt and silvered ornaments, should be very sparingly used. When they are not very good they look very tawdry, and after dirt nothing is worse than tawdry finery. Above all let us avoid shams, and be what we seem to be in dress and in all else.

And then there is a second hindrance. There is a tyrant who is allowed by some to govern with imperious sway, to stifle the promptings of their own taste, to mar their convenience and comfort, nay to injure health itself. I allude to *fashion*. Now I never could make out who fashion is, and whence he comes. I believe I should say *she*, for a creature so variable and so inconsequent must needs be of the feminine gender. And pray who is *she* that we should obey her dictates in a servile manner. Have you ever noticed how, when a kind of dress that is at once graceful and convenient and easy to make, and nice to wear has been found, it is laid aside because, forsooth, the fashion has changed; how through the hail and snow and east winds of our climate, delicate girls are to suffer from toothache and neuralgia because it is the fashion to wear little bonnets, or weak eyes are blinded with strong sunshine, because *nobody* wears a brim to her hat. Now I by no means advocate making ourselves very different from the majority of people. I would not advise a dress as full as a balloon when scanty draperies are worn, nor a perfectly flat crowned bonnet while women in general go about with miniature towers on their heads. It is always bad taste to wear very startling dress, good taste consists more than anything else in moderation.

But I should like to see some resistance to the bondage of fashion; "Britons never will be slaves," is not true of a British girl when she is studying a fashion book. Why, really, have we no originality? Have we no taste of our own? Can't we tell what is becoming and hold it fast? One of the greatest evils of fashion is continual change, what we are told is a "lovely thing" to-day will next year be *frightful*, but I hold that a thing once beautiful is always so. The ever-recurring changes of fashion are also a needless source of expense, and waste much precious time. Some of the handsomest and most durable ornaments for a dress are strips or edgings of embroidery in cotton, wool, or silk worked by hand, the designs perhaps invented or modified to our own taste? Might not our studies in art be put to practical use in this way. Just picture the effect of a border of strawberries and leaves running round the neck and sleeves of some dark winter dress; or the delicate tracery of roses and lilies outlined even in cotton on some part of a washing bodice. What exquisite and solid trimmings might be made by clever fingers, trimmings that would last for years, but who would care to spend the time on ornamentation that will have to be laid aside, at least, when the first gown it is sewn on is worn out. "That sort of trimming is quite gone out now," banishes the strip of dainty work from our toilettes for ever; of course, this hint is only for those who have time for this kind of recreation.

Continental nations are not, as far as I can see, so tossed about by waves of fashion; the working members, at least, take some simple kind of dress and keep to it with very slight changes. Many, indeed, have a national costume, often beautiful and often convenient in itself. To this they hold with a just pride; the young girl prepares carefully what she will wear as a matron with much skilful stitchery, the ornament bought with her savings is worn throughout life, and handed down to her daughter. No fear that it will ever be out of fashion; I have had several such shown to me, and it certainly commends itself to me as a healthful practice. I am about to show you for your amusement, not for your imitation, two of these national costumes, but first I desire to read to you some words of the great art critic to whom I have more than once referred—*strong* words, as his are apt to be, but words that we shall do well to lay up in our minds and to remember when we find ourselves in a draper's shop.

"The man and woman are meant by God to be perfectly noble and beautiful in each other's eyes. The dress is right which makes them so. The best dress is that which is beautiful in the eyes of noble and wise persons.

"Right dress is therefore that which is fit for the station in life and the work to be done in it, and which otherwise is graceful, becoming, lasting, healthful, and easy, on occasion splendid, always as beautiful as possible.

"Right dress is therefore strong, simple, radiantly clean, carefully put on, carefully kept.

"Cheap dress, bought for cheapness, and costly dress bought for costliness sake are both abominations. Right dress is bought for its worth and at its worth, and bought only when wanted. Beautiful dress is chiefly beautiful in colour, in harmony of parts, and in mode of putting on and wearing. Rightness of mind is in nothing more shown than in the mode of wearing simple dress.

"Ornamentation, involving design, such as embroidery, etc., produced solely by industry of hand, is highly desirable in the state dresses of all classes down to the lowest peasantry. National costume, wisely adopted and consistently worn, is desirable in national organization.

"Obeying fashion is a great folly, but gradual changes in dress properly accompany a healthful national development.

"Dress worn for the sake of vanity, or coveted in jealousy, is as evil as anything else similarly abused.

"A woman should earnestly desire to be beautiful as she should desire to be intelligent; her dress should be as studied as her words.

"Dress in bright colours (if they become you), and in the best materials, that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colours or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of; nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as if it is the fashion to be scavengers."—JOHN RUSKIN.

## Calendar of the Week.

December 13th.—St. Lucy. I know not why the name of this Saint is retained in our Calendar. Lucy was a young lady of Syracuse, who resolved upon living a single life and gave away her property to the poor. She was martyred for professing Christianity.

December 14th.—On this day, in the year 1861, Prince Albert died. On the same day, seventeen years later, his favourite daughter, Princess Alice, died. This strange coincidence attracted at the time a great deal of remark. It was also at this time, ten years after his father's death, that the Prince of Wales lay so dangerously ill.

December 15th.—Sacred to the memory of Izaak Walton, the "Gentle Angler," who died on this day in the year 1683. To-day every one who handles the rod and line should read the work, delightful and always fresh, of the good old man. He was a native of Stafford, and was born in the year 1593, the son of a farmer. He was apprenticed to a relation in London who was a Mercer. He married a niece—or a grand-niece—of Archbishop Cranmer, and twenty years later, his first wife being dead, a sister of Bishop Ken. Thus connected it was natural for him to espouse the Royalist cause. He published his *Complete Angler* when he was already sixty years of age, but he lived until ninety.

Solicitors' certificates have to be renewed this day.

December 16th.—This is the third Sunday in Advent and Ember Week—a time of fasting for Monks before the great festival of Christmas. In the English calendar this day is marked "O Sapientia," so that the illiterate have taken Sapientia to be a saint. The words are the two first of an anthem which used to be sung every day from the 16th to the 24th, that is, the day before Christmas.

December 17th.—Michaelmas Term over at Oxford. The undergraduates may now go home for their holidays. Last week of term at school: boys looking forward to Saturday: plum-puddings and mince-pies should be made by this time. Great despondency remarked in the County of Norfolk among the turkeys: wonderful activity about Drury Lane, and excitement of the children who are going to play in the pantomime.

December 18th.—On this day, in the year 1862, slavery was abolished in the United States. It had grown a national curse of such enormous dimensions: it was a national reproach so shameful: that one asks in wonder why it was not abolished long before. The reason was that the South dominated the North: and that to so great an extent, that even after the war began, the North did not at once pronounce for abolition. Had they done so at once they would probably have gained the sympathy of this country, which they never really obtained. Even, however, had the South been victorious, slavery could never have been re-established. There are still a few Southerners of the old school—chiefly ladies—who gravely maintain, as their fathers did before them, that slavery is a Divine Institution. Many others declare that the negroes were happier under the old régime. Even if they were, the argument is unanswerable, that no man ought to have such power over another man as a master had over his slaves.

December 19th.—Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends. Now the Cambridge undergraduates may go home. Observe that at this time, on a fine night, the stars present their most splendid appearance. The best time to watch them is about ten.

When you pass through the country of the one-eyed, make yourself one-eyed.

If you are so unhappy as to have a foolish friend, be yourself wise.

When there are many captains, the ship sinks.

If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.

When things tire you at the head, take them by the tail.

When you have not spoken the word, you reign over it; but if it be spoken, it reigns over you.

When you are an anvil, have patience; when you are a hammer, beat straight.

Time will teach him that has no teacher.

## The Professor of Botany to his Pupil.

Thou tender, graceful little maid,  
I see thee now at play at tennis,  
In modesty of youth arrayed.  
Thou 'mindest me of the daisy which to enlightened minds is yeleft  
*bellis perennis*.

I can but love thee, little girl,  
I fain would call thee *mia sposa*;  
Thou art as blooming and as fair,  
As that queen of the garden the rose; see Linnæus—*Rosa*.

My dotting heart doth fly to thee—  
It is thine own—*volens volens*;  
And in the garland of thy years  
I pray may come no rue, the proper name of which, by-the-by, is  
*Ruta graveolens*.

For all thy blue (*viola*) eyes,  
Thy lips and cheeks like blushing *rosa*,  
Thou art as modest and as shy  
As the common field-flower, popularly known as the buttercup, but  
generally as the *Ranunculus bulbosa*.

Thy lips like Cupid's bow appear,  
Or like a charming coral chalice;  
Thou art as innocent and pure  
As purest snowdrop—the snowdrop is the colloquial name; in reality  
it is the *Galanthus nivalis*.

Although so gay and thoughtless thou,  
Thy joys on wantonness ne'er border,  
Thou art an airy butterfly—  
Butterfly is only the vulgar vernacular for an insect of the *Papilio*  
family, *Lepidoptera* order.

When thou dost smile in maiden glee,  
Thy profile is a classic Grecian;  
Thy teeth to pearls I must compare  
(Pearls, by the way, are merely bicarbonate of lime, interstratified  
with animal membrane; in mollusks the result of a diseased  
secretion).

If thou dost love me, dear, or no,  
I love as Strepson loved his Phyllis;  
I pray thy fair head may be crowned  
With wreaths of laurel—which, as you probably know, is the  
*Laurus nobilis*. —AMERICA.

## Letters to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket.)

SIR,—In perusing last week's *P.J.*, I noticed an article signed "Stroller," which no doubt came from the umpire of the match with the St. Paul's II., as there was not another person witnessing the game. It's a pity he waited several weeks before he expressed his mind on this particular match. I should fancy he gathered a few facts from the correspondence which passed concerning this game. No doubt his intentions are good, but why wait so long before he criticises. If this is the way he intends acting as "Stroller," his services can certainly be dispensed with by the Members of the B.F.C., as it is likely to cause a certain amount of ill-feeling against him. If his powers of composing are good, no doubt it would be welcomed by the P.P.C.C. and not by the B.F.C. Hoping you will pardon my taking up so much of your valuable space,—I remain, yours respectfully,

A MEMBER OF THE B.F.C.

[The article in question had been kept over owing to pressure on space.  
ED. T.P.J.]

The Bishop of Ely has forbidden the deacons of his diocese to preach more than one original sermon a week. If they deliver a second, they must take one of a standard clergyman. We don't know just how it is in the Ely neighbourhood, but if the average American clergyman were compelled to preach one original sermon a week, he would find it a much greater hardship.—*America*.

Thimbles.—The thimble was originally called a thumb bell, because worn on the thumb, then a thumbell, and finally its present name. It was a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England in 1695. Thimbles were formerly made of iron and brass, but in comparatively late years they have been made of gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory, and even glass and pearl. In China beautifully carved pearl thimbles are seen, bound with gold and the end of gold. The first thimble introduced into Siam was a bridal gift from the king to the queen; it is shaped like a lotus bud, made of gold, and thickly studded with diamonds arranged to spell the queen's name

## LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

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Contributions to the Third Quinquennial Appeal for Funds for the Maintenance of this Hospital are most earnestly solicited by the House-Committee. The assured income is only £16,480, the necessary annual expenditure is nearly £51,000. Patients treated at the London Hospital in 1887:—

| FREE                     |     | IN-PATIENTS (Admitted). |       | 6,019 | 8,260 |
|--------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| Accidents                | ... | ...                     | 2,381 |       |       |
| Urgent Extra Cases       | ... | ...                     | 3,638 |       |       |
| Recommended by Governors | ... | ...                     | ...   | 2,241 |       |

CHILDREN'S WARDS.—1,717 children under 12 years of age were admitted as patients during the year.  
HEBREW PATIENTS.—During the past year 662 Hebrew Patients were treated as in-patients. Special wards are provided for their use.

Qualification for Governorship.—Life Donation of £31 10s.; Annual Subscription of £5 5s. Each Governor is entitled to 16 patients' tickets a year. Annual subscribers of less than five guineas are entitled to three tickets for each guinea contributed.

Working Men are earnestly appealed to for subscriptions through their clubs and benefit societies.

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The Committee **Earnestly Appeal for Funds** to carry on the work efficiently.

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

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WILLIAM TRESIDDER, Secretary.

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Donations and New Annual Subscriptions URGENTLY NEEDED to keep 50 BEDS constantly occupied.

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See Illustrations and Articles in the 'QUEEN,' Nov. 17th, 1888.

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